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tired and worn out, without cash but with black rings around the eyes, no — so I yawned and yawned until I fell asleep.

This is one of the beautiful traits of "Fin de Siècle." To tear down all that *is* and to rebuild nothing worth mentioning. To develop great powers of criticism and to live in perfect impotence of improvement.

Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan and family, do away with the despotism of boredom! How? you ask yawningly, in your turn bored by my epistle.

Pardon, I am already asleep!

CRITIC FIN DE SIECLE.

KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

By P.

"At the present day people still like to be thought aristocratic, but they much prefer being considered rich. The love of money has destroyed in us all noble ambition, there are only a few madmen who now care to earn a reputation for the love of glory, and they are the mark for the ridicule of all their contemporaries. It is considered foolish to do anything for the sake of honor; honor neither gives, us good dinners, good clothes, nor cheap pleasures nor does it help to keep up appearances. To keep up appearances is the idea of the epoch. You may be a fool, a scoundrel, a wretch without house or home, you may do what you like, steal, murder, what matter? You will still be clever, rich, honest, magnanimous, if you know how to keep up appearances. In America the greatest evil that can befall a man is to be original. Originality almost amounts to insult. The original man has no chance. Endeavor to get a place for him, and the person to whom you apply will answer, 'I should be delighted to do any service for you within my power. Command me in all things but don't ask me to help this friend of yours. Why he is an original.'"

Young man, who aspire to the honor of sitting eight hours a day at an office desk copying letters, and making reports under the eye of an insolent head clerk, if you wish to attain the object of your ambition, station yourself every day at the window, watch every one who passes, notice their dress, their gesture, study people's way of speaking, borrow their favorite expressions, disguise your own tastes, check your imagination, become a mediocrity and you will at once assure your future position: *You will have preserved appearances.*

Look around; is it possible to meet with originality? Every one has the same walk, the same clothes, the same style — the tailor makes every man alike: why should you be different from your neighbor?

It is therefore understood that if you wish to be neither a fool nor a sage, nor a reformer, nor an original — any of these titles shutting the door in the face of all careers; if you would neither think, nor judge, nor reason, nor invent, nor live for yourself; do as the world does; accept the slavery, bow your head to the tyranny and all will be at once open to you — you will have kept up appearances.

WALKING IN THE STREETS.

By P.

Walking in the streets you elbow thousands of passers-by to whom you do not pay the least attention. They are probably not worth attention. But besides these, pass and repass — sad sometimes, dreamers often, poor always — fierce and striking figures that have a physiognomy, a color, a relief, an originality, a date, a signification: they are artists, poets, thinkers, searchers, restless vagabonds — enamored of glory, infatuated with idle fancies, indulgers in dreams. They are the true members of the Burschenschaft — they are men! They are also three-fourths of their time poor and suffering, badly clothed, and with hardly a shoe to their feet, because with them, unlike other people, it is beauty that leads the beast, and not the beast that leads beauty. They may have genius, they certainly have talent and wit. They are the chosen of Nature, full of intelligence and of heart. They know how to love, they feel enthusiasm, they have the sense of life; they have a knowledge of good and evil, of the sublime and beautiful!

And the crowd — the ignorant, the half witted, the Philistines — the crowd covers them with disdain, with injuries, with mud, instead of showering them with flowers, caresses and bank notes. The crowd sees only the worn coat seams! But I know the crowd, and it is a bad knowledge. I know them. Here are 1800 years that they prefer Barabbas, the rogue, to the apostle, etc.

The ant ignores that each creature has its work to do here below; and that those who are proud of being attached to the state equipage of Mammon, the nineteenth century king and god, will never, never, be attached to the sublime chariot of the

imagination, or wield the pen, the brush or the chisel for immortal works. God knows what he has made. He created thee, miserable creature, for the work of thy paws: work! work! work! Come and go from here to there; run over hills and valleys in search of business, of the fortune that thy rapacious instincts prompt thee to amass! It is thy part, thy function, to treasure up, to monopolize! But never injure the poor singers who come and ask of thee a piece of bread when they are hungry; thou hast the right to refuse them simply as an animal without heart, as thou art; but thou hast not the right to injure and goad them as thou dost, spiritless creature!

Bohemian, you must not be afraid of answering, when you have occasion, this cowardly and miserable lesson of the ant — whether they have paws or nailed shoes, it is all the same — by another lesson that it will probably never understand, alas! You must not be afraid of telling the workmen in fields and in towns — who think so little of art and poetry — this elementary truth, to know, that the work of the brain is quite as sacred as the work of the arm, quite as meritorious, quite as heroic, quite as laborious — when it is not more so — since it produces works which often have the duration of brass. Therefore do not laugh so foolishly you rustics in wooden shoes and wagoner's dresses, at that pale thin man in coat and shoes who passes your farm so quietly: he is a poet who writes books that will console your wives; he is an artist who paints pictures that your sons will admire; he is a scholar who searches and who will find a method to lighten the cares of your life, money loving creatures that you are. Do not laugh at him peasants — souls in the towns as plentiful as in the country — and do not refuse him the glass of water, and the piece of bread he asks of you because he is hungry and thirsty and has forgotten to economize the necessary cents for his wants of to-day and to-morrow. Why should the rogue laugh at the thief, the ass at the horse, the frog at the bee, the blade of grass at the star, the laborer at the poet, the peasant at the singer? All creatures are equal before the Creator who loves them all equally and looks at them with an impartial eye. If he did not pity you, how he would hate you — working ants — even as you hate the careless grasshopper. The grasshoppers are right in giving no thought to the morrow. They are right to sing. Sing on careless grasshopper! Thou wilt live as long as they, whom the foot of the first passer-by may crush. Thou wilt always live as long as they and thou wilt have

sung, have danced, and laughed, at least, during the short hours of thy short existence. They, the ants, will have amassed for others!

SCHOPENHAUER IN THE AIR.

It was a dismal grey-in-grey evening, the atmosphere laden with moisture as if it had not the energy to condense into rain, like forlorn moods of world strangeness and nostalgia when the human soul would seek relief in weeping and finds itself incapable of tears.

Under an old battered lamp post whose head was bent to one side as if weary of its vain endeavor to brighten that cheerless scene, a little girl with folded arms and crouching head crouched on the curb-stones. Only when a slight draught floated through the broken panes of the lantern, the flickering flame shed a vague, hasty glare over the dry, haggard form of the little minx, whose dull eyes were seen to throw searching glances along the gutter, as if in quest of some unknown treasure hidden in the mud.

Suddenly she started up, her eyes, growing wide, had caught sight of something lying within her hand's reach, — a little pale green lump; she stretched out her foot and examined it with her toes. It was a single grape, slightly rotten on one side, that had dropped into the gutter. Recognizing what it was, she picked it up with greedy fingers, while her homely, careworn face became distorted with a grinning grimace, which was meant for joy. She began to suck the little fruit, and her harsh features assumed an air of gentleness for the moment, that relaxed, as soon as the pleasure was over, into that phlegmatic expression of despair, which in older beings interprets disgust of life.

The occasional passers-by hardly noticed her; the picture she made was so insignificant in composition, so faded in tone, without the slightest suggestion of brightness in her dirty face, streaky hair, and ragged, patched clothes, that it disappeared entirely in the background of the muddy pavement, on which the reflections of the lantern glimmered like luring gold.

Had she been older, one would have supposed she was thinking, but the little girl had not yet learned to think, nor was she really conscious of or responsible for the stammering expressions of her soul battered like the lamp post. In her mind one blurred picture followed the other, and these impressions made out her life, as they make out that of every child, and also of many grown-up persons,